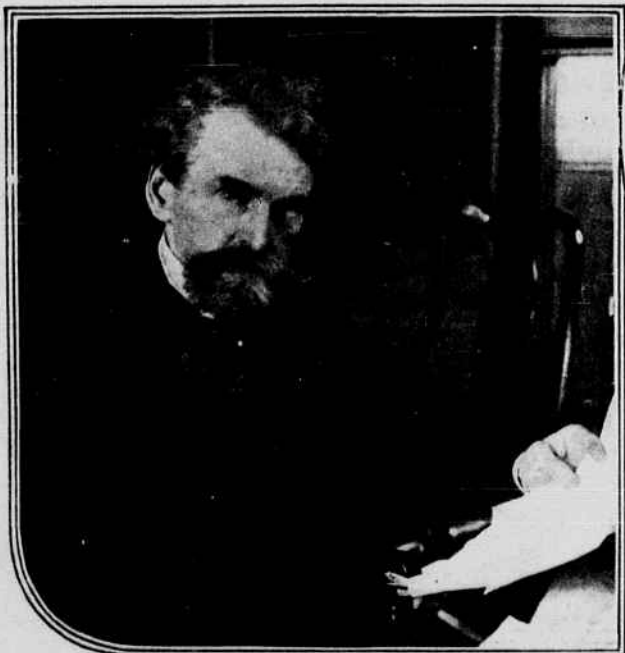


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IT is the great American story—the story of the Men Who Didn't Have a Nickel. Every immigrant boy who comes to this country carries some version of it in the back of his head. It is the story of half our big millionaires. Caruso was a little Neapolitan boy, working industriously in his father's shop for forty cents a week, when some one overheard him singing in the public baths, and decided that his voice was worth training. Now he gets \$2500 for a single Metropolitan performance—the highest salary paid to any singer in the world. But there is a bitter drop in every cup. Caruso has not been "raised" for ten years. Among his colleagues he is noted for his good disposition. When the company is on tour, he always sings in his berth when he wakes up in the morning.

IN case of a drizzle, a footman holds an umbrella over ex-Senator W. A. Clark as that gentleman steps from his palace to his limousine; but years ago Mr. Clark worked nine months knee-deep in icy water for \$1500, and once he rode 250 miles on horseback—in a blizzard, with the temperature 20° below zero—to supply the mining camp with tobacco. In those days Clark drove his emigrant wagon almost two thousand miles, in spite of coyotes, cold, famine, and the objections of the Sioux Indians. Finally he started a trading store in Salt Lake; but, finding that, where flour cost \$150 for fifty pounds, he must be a banker as well, he studied banking. His chief interest, the United Verde Copper Mine, now yields \$100,000,000 worth of copper a month.

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MARTIN W. LITTLETON.

Thaw's lawyer against Jerome, started, like various other celebrities, in a log cabin. His especial log cabin was in Tennessee, and there were fourteen other children to keep him company. Studying nights, doing chores to pay an old German schoolmaster for teaching him, he patched together an education that got him into a district attorney's office when he was nineteen. On the way up he had been track walker, baker's helper, and farm hand, all of which must make excellent law training, for in five years he was practising in New York, and three years later was district attorney for Kings County.

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SENATOR WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH

started his career in the popcorn business, with newspapers as an incidental staple, collecting occasional pin-money as a telegraph messenger. Growing ambitious, he walked four miles, in that blizzard which inevitably falls at the crucial moments in great men's lives, to get a job as page in the Michigan State Senate. In a month officials tired of turning him down. The same persistence later got him into a law office, where he won his way armed with a broom. After the office was swept he found plenty of time to study law, and when he was twenty-four was admitted to the bar. Now the newspapers of Michigan—including his own—talk about him for President.

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Photograph by

SPEAKER CHAMBERLAIN digging potatoes down in old Kentucky together enough to teach school—the before the days of Later he went to but was expelled to revolver in one of old-fashioned college spite of these was admitted to he was only two is the hands the House



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

AT twenty-four Hugh Chalmers headed a big sales organization in the National Cash Register Company. Later he went into the automobile business. Once a man said: "I can't buy a car, it costs too much." Chalmers answered: "I have fifty answers to that question; it will take just two hours to give them. Will you sign now or in two hours?" The man signed.



GEORGE C. BOLDT, now owner of the Waldorf-Astoria, was once manager of the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia. One day William Waldorf Astor stopped there, and didn't like the decorations of his room. While he was out Boldt had the room entirely redecorated and refurnished—which so impressed William that he made Mr. Boldt manager of the Waldorf.

Men Who
Didn't Have
a Nickel